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Growing Old Absurd

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Cover Page Footnote

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GROWING OLD ABSURD

Dying more than growing, limbs useless, digits immobile,
no feeling, breath constricted, no pain, mind active, lucid,
as I lie dying, memory alone survives, and desire, desire
to remember and that memory cohere.

I'd been living this terrific comedic poem all my life,
only now with no one to hear and no way to write,
perhaps you have had the same thought—you are not reading
this poem, as I lie dying in my home-made hospice—
living will, living well, living by proxy—who the fuck knows?

Even if this goes on a day or so no one will come round
unless I call, which I won't now that I'm warming to this death
by dying. So long as memory cooperates, I'd rather go on my own,
the perfect suicide, bound to be listed as paralytic asphyxiation.

See those toy soldiers? My life on parade.
my fingers are useless now to move them,
if I push them with a pencil I will only make a mess.

So the parade must rest the way it is,
and when I am gone someone will take them away
unaware of what they mean and how my memories cohere
—but what's the harm in that?